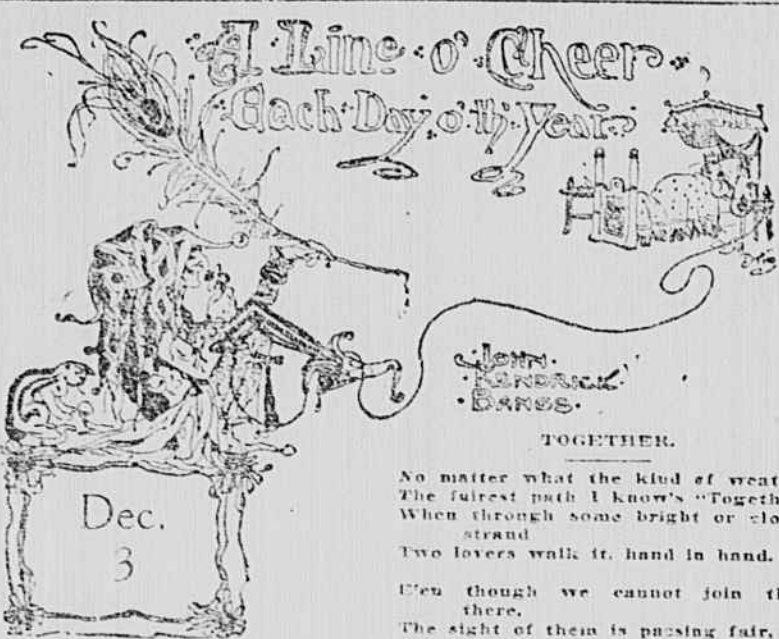


Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover



ATTRACTIVE NEW BAGS

The shape seems to be full of new and interesting handbags. Fur bags, of course, have come into prominence along with other accessories made of fur. One bag is made of monkey-skin, mounted in silver with a silk cord handle. It is distinctly good looking. There is another fur bag made of seal, edged with skunk that is quite as distinctive as the monkey bag. This has a handle of fur.

One of the new tricks of the bag-makers this season is to attach the small change purse found generally in a handbag to the frame of the bag by means of a small silver chain. The little purse so fastened, of course, cannot be easily lost. Bags in this fashion are made in all sorts of leather.

Leather and silk bags are made with various sorts of little outside pockets to hold different accessories. One bag, made of white silk, has a small pocket in which a safety razor is carried. A duck leather bag, to carry with a street suit, has an outside pocket for the watch. The watch is strong, is attached by means of a small gold chain to the frame of the bag, so that a pickpocket would find difficulty in getting possession of it.

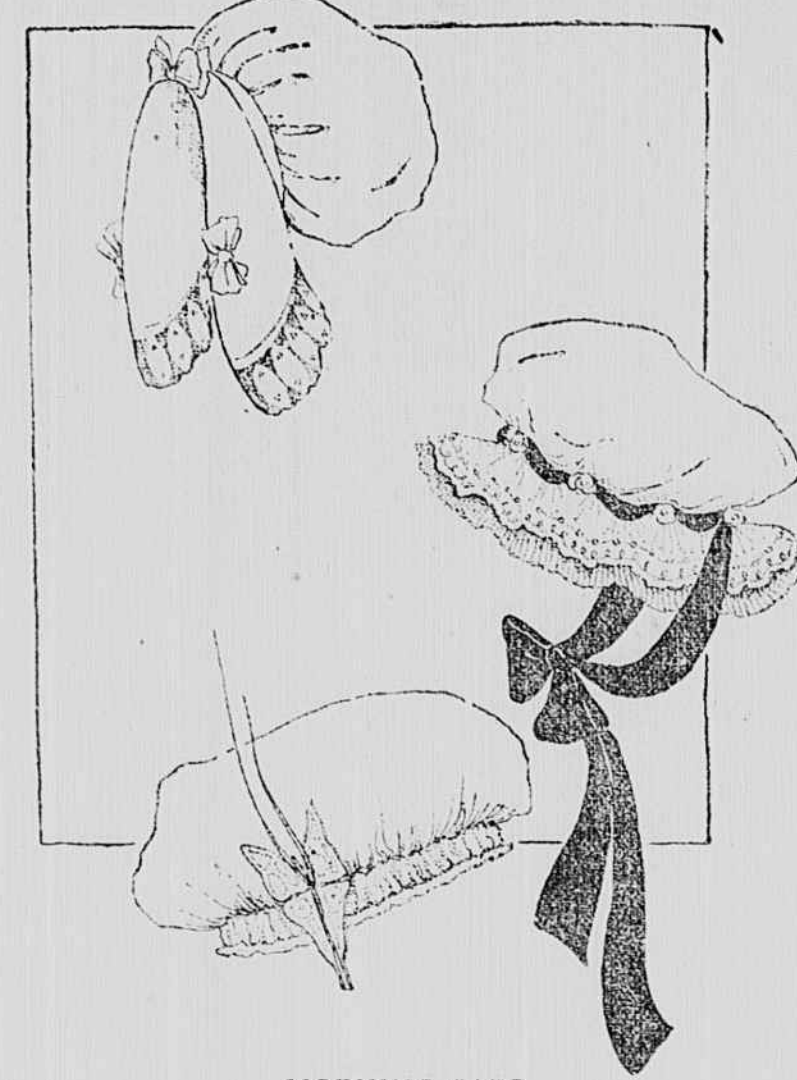
Watch-bags—that is to say, hand-

bags with small watches inserted somewhere in their surfaces—are much carried. Sometimes the watches are inserted just below the clasp, sometimes at one corner or point of the bag, and sometimes in the wrist straps.

Fur is combined with other materials in the making of effective bags. One bag is made of black satin, gathered on a black satin ribbon. A band of ditch goes about the middle of the bag and a little tip of the fur finishes the pointed bottom. The combination of the heavy black satin and the cream and soft brown of the fur is very good.

In some old family jewel boxes there are gold chain purses which are duplicated in some of the shops to-day. They are the sort of purses with a little bag in each end, with a small ring to hold each end closed, and tassels to finish the ends. If you are fortunate enough to have one of these gold mesh purses on hand this is the time to bring it to light, for they are graceful and beautiful. One such purse is shown pulled through a gold ring attached by a gold chain to a small finger ring. This little device is much like that of our grandmothers for holding a lace handkerchief, and again the old jewel box might be called on for an old handkerchief ring and chain attached to a finger ring.

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MORNING CAPS

So dainty and elaborate are they that one can scarcely distinguish them from caps for evening wear.

Boudoir Caps Easy to Make for Christmas Gifts

No daintier gift could be made to a woman than a boudoir cap. And some of them are so easy to make that even one need hesitate because of lack of ability in the manipulation of paper patterns and lengths of fabric.

No pattern is need for some of the most attractive caps. A new one is shown that is fashioned from a strip of five-inch lace or embroidered edging about a yard long, a little circle of net or mull a couple of inches across, a few rosebuds and a ribbon bow. The lace or other edging is gathered along the straight edge and is sewed to the circle. It falls loosely in ripples about the face and hair, and is dotted here and there with a rosebud. At the back a big ribbon bow is fastened. If narrow edging is used the circle on top of the head must be bigger.

Some of the shops sell a sort of chiffon ribbon, worked with white threads in a lace-like design, and edged on each side with narrow satin ribbon which is fastened to the chiffon. This ribbon costs forty cents a yard, and three yards of it are needed for a cap. Two or three strips of the ribbon form the puffed crown of the cap and a tuft is formed of a strip of the ribbon cut in two and gathered at the raw edge. Some have the ribbon adds to the appearance of this cap.

Valenciennes insertion and net form

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The leg of beef is very fine for soups and meat salads.

Fried banana laid on a bed of rice makes an excellent luncheon dish.

Sausages should always be cooked with a fork before they are cooked.

If cream or milk has turned slightly sour, stir in a pinch of baking soda. Cabbage is delicious when boiled tender and chopped, then served with cream sauce.

To preserve jellies perfectly, cover each jelly glass with a coating of hot paraffin.

A painter's small brush is the best thing for removing dust from rattan furniture.

If your eyes trouble you, try bathing them regularly with hot water at bedtime.

When cleaning the old cloth, try using a little skimmed milk in the water instead of soap.

Embroidered linens should be ironed on the wrong side and on a thick, soft ironing blanket.

To draw the fire out of a burn, moistened it with water at once and then cover it with baking soda.

If onions are held under cold running water while being peeled, they will not move one to tears.

Cheese is very nourishing and whole, some when prepared with macaroni, potatoes or bread crumbs.

Wash and rinse out glass in water that is not very hot and of the same temperature as the water.

Never keep bread wrapped in a cloth, as the cloth will absorb moisture and impart an unpleasant taste.

The sausage is delicious served with butter melted in the dish, and a little chopped parsley poured over it.

When kitchen towels wear thin, attach two of them together around the edges and diagonally across the center.

Brown sugar is a very delightful sweetener for cereals. It gives them a much richer flavor than granulated sugar.

Alcohol will clean the piano keys.

alone to-night." The girl's answer was a glad smile of acquiescence.

"I am merely trying to comfort you, while I change. I have the queerest feeling that some one is in my room. I don't want to be alone. Are you afraid?"

Hetty held back, her face blanching.

"No, I am not afraid," she cried at once, and started toward the door.

"Is some one in this room?" said Sara, as she turned to look at Hetty.

"Yes, I am," Hetty answered, and she was in the big bedroom down the hall.

"I-I wonder," murmured Hetty, "and yet either of them looked about in search for the intruder."

Far into the night Sara sat in the window of Hetty's dressing-room, her chin sunk low in her hands, staring moodily into the howling night.

Her eyes were as death itself. The cooling wind caressed her and whispered warnings into her unheeding ears, but she sat there, unheeding, against its chill, her night-dress damp with the mist that crept up with sinister stealth from the sea.

In the data below, a vast army of troops shuffled in ceaseless chatter; night birds and insects responded to the bedlam challenge; the hoarse, monotonous grunts of a for-horn came up from the Sound. They were people out there, asleep in pasture.

A cat moved piteously somewhere in the garden. She was curiously disturbed by this. She hated cats. There had never been one on the place before.

CHAPTER XII
The Approach of a Man Named Smith.

Mr. Redmond Wrangell, gray and gaunt and somewhat listless, rode slowly through the leafy lane, attended by some little distance behind by Griggs, the groom, who slumped in the saddle and thought only of the syl-

MENU

Breakfast.	
Oranges	Cereal
Liver and Bacon	Rolls
Coffee	
Luncheon.	
Cream of Potato Soup	Olives
Ham Sandwiches	Tea
Silver Sponge Cake	
Dinner.	
Beef Broth with Rice	Stewed Tomatoes
Chicken in the Casserole	Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Waldorf Salad	Coffee
Lemon Pie	

Silver Sponge Cake.
Beat the whites of five eggs until stiff and dry and add gradually, while beating constantly, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, mixed and sifted with one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Sift in one-half cupful of bread flour and one teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until well blended. Fill buttered pans with the mixture, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and bake in a moderate oven.

SOUPS FOR WINTER DAYS

Stock for Soup.
One bushel of tomatoes, one peck of okra, one cup of salt, one quart of chopped onions, one small cup of ground black pepper. Boil three hours and then strain.

Brown Sugar for Soup.
Take one large tablespoonful of brown sugar, put in a pan over the fire, let it melt, add one-half pint of water; let it boil a few minutes. Boil the one tablespoon will brown a soup.

Crotons for Soup.
Cut inch thick five slices of stale bread, butter each slice, cut these in cubes or squares, one-half inch thick. Brown in shallow pan in a hot oven. Drop in the tureen as the soup is served.

Brown Flour for Soup.
Put one quart of flour in a skillet, set it in the oven, stir until a light brown; keep in a jar corked up and ready for use.

Bouillon, No. 1.
One knuckle of veal, one shin of beef, one pint of tomatoes, one onion, one carrot, one bunch of celery, or some celery seed, salt, black and red pepper to taste. Put all the meat in a cloth, put in a pan with some slices of bacon and fry brown; then put everything in a pot with three gallons of water, cover closely and boil seven hours, skimming constantly. Strain through a colander; then through a fine cloth. Pour into a large vessel and let it stand all night. In the morning take off every particle of grease that has collected on the top, warm it and it is ready to serve. If desired, barley or vermicelli may be added when warmed for dinner, or it can be served in cups. It will keep some time.

Bouillon, No. 2.
Two pounds of beef of the neck, chopped, four small cloves, eight whole black peppers, one onion, one small turnip, one carrot, one teaspoon of celery seed, three quarts of cold water. Put the beef in cold water early in the morning and cook slowly. When half done add spices and chopped vegetables, when done strain through a colander and then through a fine cloth. When cold, pour out carefully, leaving all sediments in the bottom. If not clear and the white of an egg, and let it come to a boil. Color with burnt sugar, salt, and bouquet. Serve as soup or as bouillon in small cups.

Black Bean Soup.
One quart of black beans, one ham hock or one-half pound lean bacon, three quarts water. Boil four hours, mash the beans through a colander, throw away the skins but put back the beans with the teaspoonful of water. Boil for one hour, add a hard-boiled egg sliced, one-half lemon and wine to taste. If kept over take out the lemon.

White Bean Soup.
Same as black bean soup, but leave out the egg, lemon, wine and spices. Add crotons when put in the tureen.

Cream of Tomato Soup.
The can of tomatoes, one quart of milk, two tablespoons of flour, one tablespoon of butter, one-half teaspoon cooking soda. After the tomatoes are thoroughly mashed and strained, then add the milk. Boil the milk, mix the flour with a little cold milk, when smooth, add it and the butter to the milk; then stir in the hot tomatoes and reduce at once. If left standing it will curdle. If the tomatoes are at all acid, add a teaspoon of sugar.

Cold tongue will be entirely skinned if cold water is run over it for a minute after it is thoroughly cooked.

When hot grease has been spilled on floor or table, you can prevent its spreading by pouring cold water on it at once.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.



Nikias in Nauplia
A stalwart little Greek
Would tell us wondrous stories
If he could only speak.
You know, in the Heroic Age,
It was in Ancient Greece
That Perseus sought the
Gorgon's Head
And Jason won the Fleece!
Elizabeth Kirkman.

Fashions and Fads

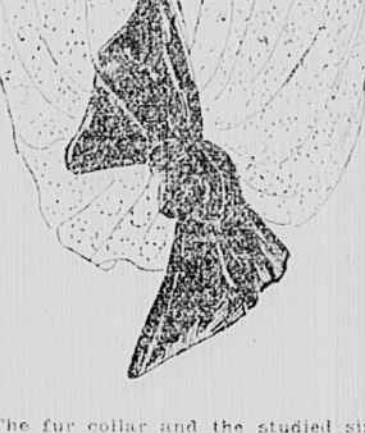
Braded belts are used on many of the latest suits, and sometimes the braiding is combined with heavy embroidery.

White ermine stoles are finished with chenille fringe formed of lengths of white chenille cord about four inches long.

Theatre bonnets are made of gold, silver or copper lace and trimmed with narrow bands of fur and bear fringe.

NEW NECKWEAR NOTE.

The fur collar and the studied simplicity of the draped lace make this a most attractive neck.



It was equally out of the question to discuss it with security in the very restricted circle that Mrs. Wrangell affected in the country. It really was too bad of Leslie! He should have known better.

Half way to Southfork, Mr. Wrangell, turning a bend in the road, caught sight of two people walking some distance ahead—a man and a woman. They were several hundred yards away, and traveling in the direction he was going. He pulled his horse down to a walk, a circumstance that for the moment escaped the attention of Griggs, who rode alongside before he quite realized what had happened.

"Griggs," said his master, staring at the pedestrians, "when did my son return?"

Griggs grasped the situation at a glance—a rather vague and imperfect glance, however. "This morning, sir," he replied promptly, although he was as much at sea as his master.

"I understood Mrs. Wrangell to say he was not expected before Saturday."

"Yes, sir. He came unexpected, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Wrangell, with an indulgent smile, "we will not ride them down."

"No, indeed, sir," consented Griggs, with a wink that Mr. Wrangell did not see.

The pleased, satisfied smile grew on Redmond Wrangell's gaunt old face—not reminiscent, I am bound to say, yet reflective.

The tall young man and the girl far ahead apparently were not aware of the scrutiny. They appeared to be completely absorbed in each other. At last, coming to a footpath diverging from the macadam, they stopped and parted. Then they turned into this narrow, tortuous path over the hillside and were lost to view.

Mr. Wrangell's smile broadened as he touched his horse lightly with the crop. Coming to the obscure little by-path, he shot a surreptitious glance

HALF-PENNY MEALS

London Vegetarian Association Feeds Child for Cent in Our Money.

Less than a halfpenny a head is the cost of the school children's dinner provided during the winter months by the London Vegetarian Association, which will give the first meal of the season on Wednesday at Brunswick Hall, Whitechapel, says a London exchange.

Miss Cole, secretary of the association, told an Express representative yesterday that several hundreds of children are fed by the association every year, and only those who can afford it are requested to pay a halfpenny a day.

"Of course, we could not do it at the price if we were to provide them with a meat dinner," she stated, "but, giving them a purely vegetarian diet, we are able to provide the best quality of everything."

"The halfpenny dinner consists of a thick soup made of pulse and vegetables, with plenty of the best wholemeal bread to eat with it, and a currant pudding made with nut butter instead of meat. We find that the children greatly enjoy the meal."

"The association is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and whenever it is possible we also provide food for families where the breadwinner is out of work."

Recipe for a Bleach.

Cucumber juice, eight ounces; alcohol, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, six drops. Bath the face in very warm water, dry it and mop it with this bleach.

Let the bleach dry on, and when it has remained on for ten or fifteen minutes, massage in a good cold cream. Repeat until the desired results are obtained.

Vegetables which require a great deal of time in boiling can be done tender in half the time if a pinch of baking soda is put into the water when they are boiling.

Into the fastnesses of the wood, but did not slacken his speed. No one was in sight.

"I dare say the danger is past, Griggs," he said humorously. "They are safer."

"I believe you, sir," said Griggs, also forgetting himself so far as to steal a look over his right shoulder.

It was Mr. Wrangell's design to ride on to Southfork and surprise Leslie and his mammoth at the lodge gates, where he would wait for them. Arriving there, he dismounted and turned his steed over to Griggs, with instructions to ride on. He would join Mr. Leslie and Miss Castleton and walk with them for the remainder of the distance.

He sat down on the rustic bench and lighted a cigar. The lodge-keeper saluted him from the garden below. Later the keeper's small son came up and from the opposite side of the road, way regarded him with the wide, curious gaze of a four-year-old. Mr. Wrangell disliked children. He made no friendly overtures. The child stood his ground, which was in a sense disrespectful, although he could not tell why. He felt like saying "shoot!" Presently the keeper's colic came up and sniffed his puttees, all the while looking askance. Mr. Wrangell said: "Away with you," and the dog retreated with some dignity to the steps, where he had down and fixed his eyes on the stranger.

For an hour passed. Mr. Wrangell frowned as he looked at his watch. Another quarter of an hour went by. He changed his position, and the dog lifted his head, without wagging his tail.

"For my soul," said Mr. Wrangell in some annoyance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR McCUTHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Charles Wrangell is found dead in a road. Hetty, the woman, is found in a road. Hetty is the woman who has accompanied him. He is the man who has accompanied her. He is the man who has accompanied her. He is the man who has accompanied her.

Hetty was still staring. "You don't mean to say you would have me marry Charles Wrangell's brother?" she said, in a sort of stupefaction.

Sara shook her head. "I mean this, you would be justified in permitting Leslie to marry that girl, which his brother, as I said, is a woman of no account."

"My God, Sara!" again fell in a hoarse whisper from the girl's lips. "I simply voice my point of view," explained Sara calmly. "As I said before, we look at things differently."

"I can believe you mean what you have said," cried Hetty. "Why, if I loved him with all my heart, soul and body, I could not even think of—Oh, I shudder to think of it!"

"I love you," continued Sara, fixing her mysterious eyes on those of the thing more than a brother. I have you, knowing everything, and I am paying in full the debt he owes to you. Leslie, knowing nothing, is no less your debtor. All this is a beautiful thing, my dear, but we must remember that while other people may be indebted to us, we also owe something to ourselves. Please do not conclude that I am urging or even advising you to

look with favor upon Leslie Wrangell's horrid proposal of marriage. I am merely trying to comfort you, while I change. I have the queerest feeling that some one is in my room. I don't want to be alone. Are you afraid?"

"I was sure that you couldn't ask me to marry him. I couldn't believe it."

"Forget what I have said, dearest, if it grieves you," cried Sara warmly. She rose and drew the girl close to her. "Kiss me, Hetty." Their lips met. The girl's eyes were closed, but Sara's were wide open and gleaming. "It is because I love you," she said softly, but she did not complete the sentence that turned in her brain. To herself she repeated: "It is because I love you that I would scourge you with Wrangell's!"